CHILDREN'S BOOK
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FRONTISPIECE

Ned & his Mother.

# VICISSITUDE:

OR THE

LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF

# NED FROLIC.

AN ORIGINAL

## *COMIC SONG.*

For the Entertainment of

ALL GOOD BOYS AND GIRLS

IN THE

## British Empire.

GLASGOW:

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1818.

*Niven, Printer.*

# VICISSITUDE.

AN

## ORIGINAL SONG.

TUNE.—"*Fie let us haste to the bridal.*"

WHEN I was a youngster, my Mother
Would oft pat my cheek;—and then cry,
"In ENGLAND there's not such another,
"Tight, smart little LAD!" (such as I!)
And when I was first put in breeches,
To caper and frisk I began,
And then over hedges and ditches,
Transported with pleasure I ran.

CHORUS.

*So then to be cheerful and happy,*
*And end the fatigues of the day,*
*I tasted of Daddy's brown nappy,*
*Which made me quite jocund and gay.*

II.

To learn my A, B, and C, sir,
My Parents they sent me to school,
Resolv'd when a man I should be, sir,
I might not, then, look like a fool.
I soon learnt to read and to write, sir,
My lessons expound, and what not,
As I in accounts took delight, sir,
My *Tables* I soon got by rote.

CHOR.—*So then to be cheerful*, &c.

III

I was meant as Apprentice to Daddy,
Whose Trade was—*the making of Ropes*,
But to make a proficient of NEDDY,
My Friends entertain'd little hopes;
To a *Pastry-cook*, then, they apply'd, sir,
(My TALE you will read with surprise,)
And then thro' the streets I oft cry'd, sir,
"Come, who'll buy—*my Hot Mutton Pies!*"

CHOR.—*So then to be cheerful*, &c.

## IV.

I soon became tir'd of the calling,
My place I resolv'd not to keep,
But as I was still fond of bawling,
Apprentice I went to a *Sweep!*
But folks were so cursed uncivil,
They mock'd at poor NED night and day,
So when they call'd out—"*there's the devil!*"
From Master I scamper'd away.

### CHORUS.*

*So then to be cheerful and happy,*
*And end the fatigues of the day,*
*A jorum I took of brown nappy,*
*Which made me quite jocund and gay.*

* This Chorus to be continued to the end.

V.

I then bound myself to a *Saddler*,
But soon hopp'd away from my place;
O then I set up for a *Pedlar*,
And sold *ribbons*, *thimbles*, and *lace:*
With *ballads*, and ev'ry thing rare, sir,
And *trinkets*, my *pack* was supply'd,
" Come, buy of my very best ware," (sir,)
To all pretty maidens, I cry'd.

CHOR.—*And then to be cheerful, &c.*

VI.

I next was a *Gingerbread-maker*,
But fortune now threw to my lot,
A *Mill*—then as *Miller* and *Baker*,
A snug little fortune I got;
*A pack of fine hounds*, then, I bought, sir,
And cut for a while a grand dash,
But soon to the *hammer* was brought, sir,
Poor NEDDY—he made a sad splash!

CHOR.—*But then to be cheerful, &c.*

## VII.

It happen'd one day, rather oddly,
(But being, now, quite out of place,)
I heard a field preacher, most godly,
Say something 'bout "*Sweet babes of grace!*"
So then, for to carry the farce on,
I turn'd a *Field Preacher* myself,
And so well, then, I acted the *Parson*,
I took all the charge of the *pelf!*

CHOR.—*And then to be cheerful, &c.*

## VIII.

I afterwards went to a '*Graver*,
But Master and I disagreed;
O then I set up for a *Shaver*,
*Drew teeth*—and soon learnt to *bleed:*
Then, *artem secundum* I glister'd,
And so I became a fam'd *Quack*,
But those that I *physick'd* and *blister'd*,
Were all quickly laid on their back.

CHOR.—*So then to be cheerful, &c.*

## IX.

When thus of my *Patients* bereft, sir,
And mock'd at, by all little boys,
My gilt *Galen's head*, soon, I left, sir,
Then went to a *Maker of Toys:*
My Master he grew very sickly,
And Mistress she gave herself airs,
So my place, faith, I left very quickly,
Then mended—*Old Rush-bottom'd Chairs!*

CHOR.—*And then to be cheerful, &c.*

## X.

A *Scavenger* next I was seen, sir,
I then was a *Maker of Brooms:*
*Squire Flash* he was struck with my mien, sir,
And so made me one of his *Grooms:*
To *Races* of course I resorted,
And thought none more keen than myself,
But, some how, whenever I sported,
'Mongst *Rooks*—faith, I lost all my *pelf.*

CHOR.—*But then to be cheerful, &c.*

XI.

My prospects grew darker and darker,
For now I was thrown quite in shade,
At last I became *Billiard-marker*,
And money soon made by the trade!
I purchas'd the lease of the *Tables*,
My customers paid pretty well;
I afterwards kept *Liv'ry-stables*,
And liv'd at the sign of the BELL.

CHOR.—*So then to be cheerful, &c.*

XII.

As a *Grocer* I then turn'd money,
In articles dealt not a few,
In *ginger*, *saltpetre*, and *honey*,
*Tar*, *turpentine*, *sweetmeats*, and *glue*.
My abode now resolving to alter,
A journey I then made to TOWN,
COMMON COUNCIL became, and *Dry-salter*,
I then got an ALDERMAN's gown.

CHOR.—*So then to be cheerful*, &c.

## XIII.

When *Sheriff* I was of the CITY,
My equipage made them all stare,
But how they all gap'd, when the pretty
NED FROLIC became the LORD MAY'R.
But as in the *Alley* I dabbl'd,
'Mongst *Brokers* got nought—but ill luck,
From the *Bulls* and the *Bears* soon I waddl'd,
And so I became a *lame Duck.*

CHOR.—*And then to be cheerful,* &c.

## XIV.

But still I'd a Friend in the corner,
Who set me once more on my legs,
So I got, with *old Alderman Horner,*
A contract for *Bacon and Eggs:*
We then became *Army Contractors!*
By which we some *Cash* did obtain,
And laugh'd at those puny detractors,
Who said we were both—*Rogues in Grain!*

CHOR.—*So then to be cheerful,* &c.

XV.

Having weather'd *Charibdis* and *Scylla*,
I thought I'd be—*happy for life!*
So I purchas'd an elegant *Villa*,
And marry'd—*a young dashing Wife!*
But what with *grand Galas* and *Fetes*, sir,
My *Income* became rather scant,
I was forc'd to sell off my estate, sir,
So *Spousey* and *I* came to want.

CHOR.—*But then to be cheerful, &c.*

XVI.

My *Wife* was a fond loving creature,
To find me reduc'd made her sigh,
Her heart it was tender by nature,
And tears often stood in her eye.
On her I plac'd all my reliance,
On all her sweet fingers she lay,
To conjugal faith bid defiance,
And *off* with my *Friend* ran away!

CHOR.—*So then to be cheerful, &c.*

## XVII.

As a *Clerk* to a *Navy Comptroller*,
Some *perquisites* fell to my share,
I then turn'd *Actor* and *Stroller*,
In *Rolla* made people to stare!
But, some how, I happen'd to mar it,
Not suiting the taste of the age,
So I mounted aloft to my garret,
And a *Scribbler* became for the *Stage*.

CHOR.—*But then to be cheerful, &c.*

## XVIII.

I hir'd myself to a *Japanner*,
But did not long stick unto that;
Assistant I went to a *Tanner*,
But once falling into a *vat*,
I did not much like the disaster,
From thence I set off in a trice,
And hir'd myself to a new Master,
Whose Trade was—*to catch Rats and Mice*.

CHOR.—*And then to be cheerful, &c.*

## XIX.

We tramp'd all the country about, sir,
But not liking much his sly tricks,
My Master and I soon fell out, sir,
I then was *a Maker of Bricks:*
I purchase'd a *kiln* for myself, sir,
A cot, too, I took, that lay near;
Once more I got plenty of *pelf*, sir,
O then I became—*Auctioneer!*

CHOR.—*And then to be cheerful, &c.*

## XX.

A snug little Trade soon I got, sir,
In Village, in City, and Town,
For when my good Friends went to pot, sir,
With pleasure—*I knock'd them all down!*
But once just forgetting to enter,
Some *Goods* that were brought me to sell,
I found it a cursed adventure,
Lost *Credit*—and *License* as well.

CHOR.—*And then to be cheerful, &c.*

## XXI.

I enlisted myself for a *Trooper*,
But afterwards got my discharge;
I then hir'd myself to a *Cooper*,
And next to a *Worker of Serge:*
But Trade it became rather flat, sir,
Which gave me, of course, some distress;
So then to be thrown on my back, sir,
As a *Printer*—I took to the *Press.*

CHOR.—*So then to be cheerful, &c.*

## XXII.

Next in partnership with an old *Jew*, sir,
*Fine Clothes*, then, we sold, and *Old Rags*,
From *Moses* some maxims I drew, sir,
And soon scrap'd a few money bags!
*Monopolist* then I became, sir,
And grew a great *Dealer in Hops;*
Thro' ENGLAND I then spread my fame, sir,
By purchasing all *standing Crops!*

CHOR.—*And then to be cheerful, &c.*

## XXIII.

But property gain'd by oppression,
My happiness could not secure,
No comfort I found in possession,
Of what appertain'd to the *Poor!*
My *Riches!*—away soon they dwindled!
False Friends took me in ev'ry day,
By still greater rogues I was swindled,
At last I fell into decay.

CHOR.—*So then to be cheerful, &c.*

## XXIV.

A *Tinker* I was, then a *Cobbler*,
So I skipp'd from *a mender of holes*,
To a calling I thought rather nobler,
As I then was a curer of *Soles!*
I vow'd I wou'd ne'er be a *Tailor*,
But *England* and *France* were at war,
So I went with *Ben Bobstay the Sailor*,
And so I became a *Jack Tar!*

CHOR.—*So then to be cheerful, &c.*

## XXV.

And then, when the WARS were all over,
To ENGLAND came back with one leg,
I stump'd it from *Portsmouth* to *Dover*,
From thence up to LONDON to *beg!*
VICISSITUDES strange I have seen, sir,
The like never witness'd by man,
But to drink—and to drive away spleen, sir,
Thro' LIFE has been always my PLAN!

## CHORUS.

*So then to be cheerful and happy,*
*And end the fatigues of the day,*
*A jorum I take of brown nappy,*
*Which makes me quite jocund and gay.*